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June 19, 77.

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Commissioners for Me. Notary Public.

TWITCHELL & EVANS,

Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,

GORHAM, N. H.

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ENOCH FOSTER, JR.,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan. 1, 77. Bethel, Me.

S. R. HUTCHINS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan. 1, 77. Rockford, Me.

SETH W. FIFE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

FRYBURGH, ME.

Commissioner for New Hampshire. Jan. 1, 77.

G. D. BISBEE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan. 1, 77. Rockford, Oxford Co., Me.

F. W. KIDLON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

KEAR FALLS, ME.

Will practice in Oxford and York Cos. Jan. 1, 77.

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Poetry.

MAY-FLOWER.

Was it not you, beloved, who sang to me at midnight?
I heard a voice in dream-land at midnight sweet and low,
As if the Spring's warm mouth was bent close over
my coldness.
And her glad song was breathing o'er wastes of
trackless snow.
Oh! sweet was its pleading, oh! loving was its
boldness.
The snow shone ice-crowned, its gleaming I
could see;
Cold was the winter's splendor, fine was its flash-
ing moonlight.
But fair, braver, dearer, the Spring song breath-
ed to me.

I follow thee, I follow
O'er every hill and hollow,
I look for thee, I follow,
Thou hidden, sacred sweet!
I follow, and shall find thee?
Nor see nor know can blind me?
Beneath them I shall find thee
Blossoming in thy retreat!

Ab! May-dew mine, my maiden,
I'll find thee blossom laden,
Coy, rose-flushed, snow-nid maiden,
Oh! purely waiting for me!
I follow thee, I follow
Thy steps through every hollow,
Beneath the snow I follow,
But surely finding thee!

Ab! was't not you, beloved, sang to me
This song at midnight? And this breath-ah! see!
Has melted snow, my bloom unveiled to thee?
—HENRIETTA HARDY, in Harper's Magazine for May.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged, bearded ruin,
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep-seated by the wall;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knives carved initial.

The charcoal freckles on the wall;
Its worn door-sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over that setting,
When the western window panes
And low eaves' ice fretting.

It touched the tangled, golden curls,
And brown eyes full of gloom,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school was leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue checked apron flattered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the trembling of her voice,
As if a faint caressing.

"I'm sorry that I spent the word;
I hate to go alone, you
Because—the brown eyes lower fell—
Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
The sweet child's face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him,
Lament their triumph and his loss
Like her—because they love him.

Selected Story.

HOW SHE SAVED HER.

An Ill-Fated Marriage and Its Termination—Rescued by the Hand of Death.

Dr. Evans Rowe, had just drawn his

chair before a cheerful fire, hoping to en-

joy a quiet evening, when the surgery

bell rang, and the servant announced

that he was wanted immediately at Val-

ley Grove.

Reluctantly rising, he went to the door,

where he found a country lad, standing

by a saddled horse.

"Who is ill at Valley Grove?" he

asked.

"Mr. Samuel Ashforth. He isn't ill—

he's dead! Dropped down in a fit about

an hour ago."

"Samuel Ashforth," repeated the doc-

tor, pulling on his coat; "did his wife

send for me?"

"She sent for Doctor Stone, sir; but as

he was out, I thought I'd better come on

here."

"Quite right."

So saying, he mounted the horse, and

started down the dark road, toward Val-

ley Grove, a village three miles distant.

The man being dead, there was little

need for haste, as he was only required to

give a certificate; and Evans Rowe, re-

membering his cheerful fit, wished his

confere, Stone, a young man just begin-

ning practice, had been at home.

The house was of a dull, red brick,

standing apart from the village; and had

for three years been rented by a Mr. Ash-

forth, his wife, and one old servant.

Samuel Ashforth—a spare man of sixty,

with sharp, hard, unprepossessing fea-

tures—passed most of his time in New

York, leaving his very young wife, ap-

parently a weak, delicate woman, alone

in the gloomy house, which she rarely

quitted, and then always veiled.

No one knew much about them; but it

was evident the lady's life was unhappy.

This latter circumstance gave tongue

to the gossips, to whom Dr. Rowe wisely

paid no heed. Certainly what he had

seen of Mr. Ashforth did not strike him

favorably, yet his habitual absence might

be caused by other reasons than wilful

neglect of his wife; and her solitary ex-

istence be referred to other motives than

his unkindness.

Alighting and fastening his horse to a

stable placed for that purpose, the doctor

knocked.

The old servant, nearly deaf and par-

tially blind, admitted him and led the

way to the dim room where lay the

corpse.

It was lighted by a shaded lamp, near

which sat a lady in dark attire. A thick

lace shawl was cast over her head, which

was bowed upon her hands; while, to

Dr. Rowe's surprise, it was plain, by the

ghostly outline under the sheet on the

bed, the last sad offices to the dead had

already been performed.

On the servant mumbling out his name, the lady rose quickly, turning her face, en-

circled by the falling shawl, toward him.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in a low, hurried tone; "I sent for Dr. Stone."

"Dr. Stone was absent, madam," replied Dr. Rowe, "and your messenger took upon himself to summon me. But, if I can be of no service, I will with-

draw; Dr. Stone, no doubt, will soon arrive."

The lady hesitated, looked furtively at him, then said: "It is of no consequence—not the slightest; medical aid is useless. Still, I thought it right to send for aid."

"I understand that Mr. Ashforth died suddenly, in a fit, an hour ago. I presume you require a certificate to that effect, madam?"

"Yes."

Dr. Rowe, after uncovering the lamp, approached the bed. The lady also drew nearer. There were no evidences of regret on her wan, placid face.

Drawing back the covering, the doctor leaned over the dead man, while by his side stood his companion, draped in her shawl, seeming like the personification of night, or death itself. Dr. Rowe shud-

dered as he gazed at the distorted features, but observed calmly: "I entreat you to be calm, madam; death was the result of no fit. Your husband has been poisoned."

"Poisoned!" She clasped her hands spasmodically as they rose to her bosom, and the words came forth with a gasp.

"Indeed, it is true; I can give you no certificate. This is a matter that must be investigated. Did you ever suspect Mr. Ashforth of having an intention upon his own life? Or has he any enemy?" he observed, solemnly.

There was a pause. Then, abruptly falling on her knees, the woman exclaimed: "Mercy, oh! mercy, Dr. Rowe! Let me entreat you, in charity, do not make it known!"

"Not make it known?" The doctor recoiled, as he gazed on the figure at his feet, adding, "Unhappy woman! is it you who poisoned him?"

"No," she answered, rising slowly; "it was not! He died by his own hand. I might have stayed him, but did not." She looked intently at him, as if to read his thoughts; then said: "You are not young; you have a kind face. I will trust you. Judge who is guilty."

Creeding the responsibility of such a confidence, Dr. Rowe would have re- fused; but, with imploring looks she entreated him.

"In pity, hear me. You have discovered the truth; but do not condemn me without cause. My life is in your hands."

Leaving the bedside, she approached the table in the center of the room, her face partially averted from the light, and proceeded, in measured tones: "Six years ago the wife of that man—"

"Yourself?" suggested Dr. Rowe; as, scarcely knowing how to avoid comfort- ing her, he leaned on the back of a chair.

She made an impatient gesture with her hand, and proceeded:

"Six years ago I was one of the hap- piest of girls. People called me beauti- ful. I know I had many admirers, and had not a care. I was my poor father's idol, and my family's spoiled darling."

She stopped to struggle with her emo- tions. In a few seconds, recovering her- self, she continued:

"I was eighteen when my father, now dead, fell into difficulties, which threat- ened ruin and disgrace. His chief cred- itor was Samuel Ashforth, who pressed him to the uttermost for a settlement."

Ruin was impending, when an escape was offered. Samuel Ashforth promised to cancel the debt on receiving me as his wife. My father refused the sacrifice; but I having overheard the conversation, frankly tendered the hand where I could not give my heart. Samuel Ashforth, hard and obdurate, accepted me."

Mrs. Ashforth paused. The doctor cast his eyes upon the ground; he could not bring himself to look in her face. Finding he neither spoke nor gave her a sympathetic recognition, she went on:

"In vain my family expostulated. Samuel Ashforth was as ill-favored in face as in mind, and over thirty years my senior. I was torn—I married him—my father was saved."

"A brave deed, but an unhappy one," said the listener, touched.

"Most unhappy!" proceeded the other; "for soon my husband grew weary of the wife he had bought—tired of her who plainly told him she had no love to give, and her misery commenced. My lips—she clasped her hands in shame before her face—cannot repeat, even in self-extension, how he insulted and degraded me; how, by perpetual cruel- ties, he strove to break my heart; how, enraged at any interference of my family, he brought me to this gloomy house, a prisoner—watched and spied upon by the crone you saw, the only servant he would allow."

The doctor averted his face. The nar- rative touched him.

"But my solitude was nothing com- pared with the horror of his visits. I was a slave, not a wife. No task-master was ever more brutal. I prayed for death—it would not come."

Hiding her face, she wept passionately.

"Poor thing!" murmured the doctor.

The wretched widow continued:

"Three days ago, Mr. Ashforth ar- rived from the city. There he passed for a temperate man—here he gave way

to the most degrading intemperance. He came down earlier than he intended, because he was ill and wanted attention. I nursed him but he would not permit me to administer the medicine he brought with him. There were two bottles, one of which was labeled 'poison.' He hinted I might make a mistake in the draught. Two hours ago, after drinking deeply he arose from his bed to get his draught. I told him it was not time. Lifting his hand he struck me. He reeled to the mantelpiece, and took up the phial."

She showed the spot alluded to, and resumed:

"I would have arrested his hand—for he had taken the wrong bottle. Recalling, I stood as stone. All the misery, and bitter insults, I had suffered, occurred to me. I still felt the pain of the recent blow, and remained motionless. I saw him fill the glass—after declaring that he would sleep well for this night, at least—raised it to his lips, and drank of the fatal draught which laid him where he is."

She could say no more, save, "I am at your mercy—save me!"

"Unfortunate woman!" exclaimed the kind-hearted doctor, "Never was man in such a terrible position! What am I to do?"

The door was thrown open; a man of dark visage appeared on the threshold.

"Your duty, Dr. Rowe!" he said, with an authoritative air. "Samuel Ashforth is the victim of foul play, and there"—pointing to the wife—"is his destroyer!"

The miserable woman fell to the ground in a swoon.

An inquest was held, at which the un- happy woman had to appear. None knew her well; but those who knew her best were amazed to see how much she had aged and altered in a few weeks.

She was sad and calm, and told the same story she had recounted to Dr. Rowe, avowing that she had hoped, by sending for Dr. Stone, a young practitioner, that he would have given the certificate with- out discovering the cause of death. She was asked if she had any witness to confirm her statement, and replied in the negative.

"Had not her sister been with her at the time?"

"No; she had called that day, having come to say good-bye, as she was leaving for California; but, finding Mr. Ashforth at home, and offended at his insults, she had quitted the place at once, deter- mined never to see him again."

"Where had she gone?"

"To San Francisco; where she was a governess."

Her own testimony pointed to her as guilty, and she was committed for trial.

Dr. Rowe was the only one who visited her. He was much affected by her story. He procured her counsel, about which she seemed indifferent, while she refused to tell him her family name and address.

The trial came on. The chief witness against the wife was the purblind old servant, who spoke with animosity and with vindictiveness—accounted for, per- haps, by the fact of his having had a long interview with Samuel Ashforth's nephew, the counterpart of himself, and the heir to his uncle's property if the wife were removed.

The last moment arrived. The jury returned to their places; the foreman had uttered the fatal word "Guilty," with a recommendation to mercy. The pris- oner rose to receive her sentence, when a shrill voice rang through the court, and a female figure, her hair hanging loosely over her shoulders, rushed forward to the dock and extended her arms to the prisoner, who bent down to her. Then a striking likeness was revealed, only the last corner was prettier, fairer, younger and more delicate.

"Estelle, why are you here?"

"To save you, my darling!" answered the girl, passionately clasping the other's hands.

"Gentlemen," she continued, "this is my sister; all she has stated is true—she is innocent. If any one is guilty, it is I—for I was Samuel Ashforth's wife!"

She had scarcely concluded when she fell in a swoon upon the floor.

Carried to the Judge's room, her sister was allowed to attend her; and while there the prisoner owned that she had spoken falsely.

"I am Estelle's sister, and not Mrs. Ashforth. As I stated, when speaking of myself in the third person, I had ar- rived to take leave of her before leaving for California, when I found her husband at home. I was preparing to quit the house at the very moment that my poor darling rushed into the room, telling me what Mr. Ashforth had done, and that he was dead. She was in such a state of terror that I feared her manner would bring suspicion on herself were she seen; therefore, aware that she was not much known, I persuaded her to take my place and leave me, who was calmer, in her stead. She obeyed, but apparently stayed near to see the result. Had she not, I would have gladly accepted death to have saved one who suffered six years' barbarous cruelty, such as no mind can conceive, for the sake of others."

—This new 'National (Greenback party,' needs watching. We may be mistaken, but it appears as though it was thoroughly communistic in its character. At its convention at Toledo, it invited all parties dissatisfied with existing things to join it, no matter what their political creed. And some of the planks contained in their platform look from the outside as if they were a declaration of war between capital and labor than which we can hardly imagine anything more disastrous to the interests of both parties to the contest. Their announcement of principles states that capital should be equally divided per capita throughout the land. This is the same dogma that disgraced France, under the rule of Robespierre, and deluged the land with blood. It was the working of this very principle that suspended commerce, and lighted the fires of destruction in St. Louis, Chicago, Pittsburg, and other places in our own land last August. The Hon. Marvin Warner, the exponent of the party, was lectured here something over a week ago, threw out enough to excite a suspicion of the larking spirit which inspires the party, when he said that our higher institutions of learning were the pained minions of the capitalists of the country; that their professors were backed by bullionists; and that the text books on Political Economy were dictated by the Bankers and Brokers of the land. Of course every thoroughly intelligent man knows this statement to be false. But this taken in connection with the doctrines of the platform of the so-called 'Greenbackers' should put every earnest, honest-citizen on his guard. The words of the platform and its exponents thus far indicate apparently that the worst elements of demagoguism are to be marshalled against the intelligence and industry of the nation. We believe the greenback is only a disguise to cover the most disastrous dogmas of refined communism. We hope we may be mistaken."—York (Neb.) Republican.

